

# LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

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FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Continued.

THE NARRATIVE OF OMAR.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

## CHAP. II.

*Omar hears how a man may become wise.*

Omar shook his head, and returned to Bagdat. He pondered the words of the Sage, and found them void of all meaning. In the city he met one of his greatest friends; his name was Ali. "Whence comest thou, that thou art so melancholy?" said he. "Is one of thy females faithless?" "I come from yon philosopher." "What hast thou to do with that hoary sage, young man, thou hast not yet seen twenty winters!" "I have been asking advice." "May I be so bold as to enquire on what subject?" "I confess freely to thee, that I am not at ease concerning my fate." "Take hellebore, Omar, to make thee sneeze. Something is amiss in the upper regions of thy brain. And what did the wise man say to thee?" "Something that I do not understand." "Ha, ha, ha! sure as the prophet lives, I could have told thee that beforehand." "Poor Omar! I took thee to be much wiser than thou really art. What wilt thou venture, that in a year's time I am reputed to be the wisest man in Bagdat?" "Thou, Ali? I think thou art drunk a little too much wine.—How wilt thou begin?" "I will proach the contrary to all other honell'd le; will have to drink, yet drawn, ink; to eat, yet not to eat; that I will not to love; and when I should reing, say it with so much disappoint obscurity as that no one by a "despd me. I will be content, and placed forever excluded from

Mohammed's paradise if I deceive not both young and old." "Knowest thou, Ali, what he said to me?"—"Well, let us hear this mighty wisdom." "Every thing is wanting to me, because I want nothing; and that I must abstain and enjoy." "Farewell, Omar. May our great prophet take thee and thy five senses into keeping!" Ali went away, thinking himself happy that he was not such a fool as Omar; and this philosopher went to one of his female friends, and came home next morning sick.—Omar, on the contrary, walked away leisurely, cursing his miserable destiny; and rose up fresh and healthy.

## CHAP. III.

*Omar kills his Wife.*

Omar was one of those men who could be called perfect, if ever the eternal made any mortal perfect. He was young and handsome, and the Maidens of Bagdat called him in their songs the rose of desire, the pink of happiness, the violet of the morning dreams. His riches were immense, his palace was indeed less than those of the Califs, but it was more beautiful; for theirs were rich but void of all elegance or neatness. Omar was strong and healthy; and, what is more than all this, he was pursued by the maidens he loved. No wonder that Omar was not at rest. "Ali is known to be a fool," said Omar at length; but the sage likewise may not be so wise as he is thought to be. "I shall try if I cannot be happy in Fatima's arms." Omar took Fatima home, breathed only on her lips, tasted in full measure the happiness of love, rioted in Fatima's charms, and exclaimed a thousand times, "I am happy. Fatima, I have found every thing that was wanting to me in thy arms." Omar rioted thus three months, and rioted till he was surfeited. The old were enlivened in Fatima's presence; Omar sorrowfully cast his eyes on the ground. Omar blushed when she touched the hem of his garment; Omar turned pale when she kissed him. Fatima soon observes this coldness, and was afflicted at it. The law of the prophet permitted him to bury his disgust in the arms of another; but

he always supposed that he caused a like disgust in Fatima; he resolved to withdraw from her sight for a year or two. "She wants to see me no more, she wishes to wean herself from me; she will become as indifferent to me as I am to her." Omar had two factors, one at Ormus on the Persian gulf, and the other at Haleb in Syria. He had never neglected these factors; but he now wished to go in person. He went with the caravans to the former place; at his arrival, he asked for the accounts, and found that in three years he had been a gainer of two hundred per cent.; he went to Haleb, and found he had gained a hundred per cent. The Eternal blesses me wherever I turn my eyes; and yet I pine in misery. In two years he returned, and at a days journey from Bagdat he met a messenger who acquainted him with the news that Fatima was going to be buried the next day; a secret sorrow having preyed upon her heart during the absence of her husband. For at that time no such wife was to be seen at Bagdat. Omar stood still with downcast eyes. "Great Prophet," exclaimed he when he returned from his illusion, "I am a man who never afflict any one, and I have been the murderer of the most lovely creature of this world. Fatima breathed nothing but love and tenderness, and yet she was obliged to languish and die in the bloom of life. The sage is at least right in this saying, that men are created to enjoy life and follow after virtue. But the Eternal alone knows whether or not they are created to be happy.

*To be continued.*

## MARIA HELENA ELIZABETH.

One of the finest models of affection that France beheld during the revolution, was that of the princess Maria Helen Elizabeth, so constantly and nobly displayed during the misfortunes which overwhelmed her brother and his family.

This princess was the eighth and last child of Louis XV. and of Maria Josepha of Saxony, his second wife; but she had little cause to felicitate herself in being placed so near the throne, the least of her misfortunes



was that of passing her youth and the age of happiness, under those restraints which the policy of governments lay upon the females of blood royal. But if *Elizabeth* was denied the privilege of marrying, otherwise than as a state convention, it has been said, that seduced by examples, she yielded in secret to the licentious disorders of the court; yet, whatever imputations the breath of calumny may have spread upon her fame, her worst enemies must unite to admire and praise the benevolence of her heart, and her tender and generous affection for Lewis XVI, her brother and his unhappy queen.

It is already well known that she refused the pressing solicitations of her aunts, to accompany them to Italy. No remonstrances, no entreaties, could induce her to change her fixed determination to partake the misfortunes and dangers of her brother: and with what an affecting constancy did she fulfil her vow, during the long series of calamities that at length conducted the heads to this unfortunate family to the scaffold!—We shall particularly instance her courageous exertions on the 20th of June, when, beneath the lifted poignards of assassins, she gave the sublimest example of sisterly affection.

During the early scenes of that celebrated day, the *Princess Elizabeth* inflexibly followed the steps of her brother. At one time, when the crowd around him augmented every moment, and menaces resounded from all parts, some voices demanded the Queen with horrid imprecations, "Where, where is she!" they cried, "We will have her head." *Elizabeth* turned towards the murderers, and said, with firmness, "I am the Queen."

Her attendants hastily pressed forward to declare that she was not the Queen.

"Pardon me gentlemen," said the princess to them, "I beseech you will not undeceive these men. Is it not better they should shed my blood than that of my sister?"

No distinctions of party can detract from the grandeur of such sentiments. Every heart that is accessible to the feelings of humanity must applaud her heroism, and regret that this courageous, tender, and celebrated woman, was not born to a happier fate.

When the royal family were prisoners in the *Temple*, the princess *Eliz-*

abeth was their guardian angel, who fortified and animated them by the example of her resignation. Her thoughts never appeared to have herself for their object, as long as her brother, her sister, and their children remained to be relieved by her attentions, and consoled by her affection.

By an unparralled refinement of cruelty, they deferred passing sentence upon the *Princess Elizabeth* to the year 1794. Her piety enabled her to endure this long and agonizing interval, and she appeared before her Judges with a placid countenance, and listened to the sentence of death with unabated firmness.

As she passed to the place of execution, her handkerchief fell from her neck, and exposed her in this situation to the eyes of the multitude. She addressed these words to the executioner. "In the name of modesty I entreat you to cover my bosom."

## REVIEW.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

—  
FREDOLFO,

*A tragedy in five acts—By Rev. C. R. Maturin.*

(CONCLUDED.)

There is such an accumulation of horrors and obscenity in the production before us, almost every thing about it is of so hideous an aspect, that we have hardly patience enough ourselves, and we should presume that that of our readers had long since been exhausted, in bringing this subject to a regular conclusion. If however it shall be viewed with the same abhorrence by them, as it is by us, our reward in holding it up to the public reprehension, will have been amply recompensive of the labour of the undertaking; for we seek none other.

It will be observed that we recommence at the beginning of the fourth act; and here nothing of importance occurs, until the entrance of *Urilda* in the presence of *Berthold* and *Wallenberg*. She sues again for the life of her parent to the former of these villains, and is requested to sign a scroll, which she is assured is only necessary to accomplish his release, when

"Adelmar, ere midnight, with strong arm,  
Shall burst thy fathers' fetters."

After much altercation between them, she performs the act, and once more rushes out invoking blessings

upon a monster whom she had previously reason to consider as a compound of treachery and fraud. *Wallenberg* immediately enters, and grasps this instrument from the hands of *Berthold*, with malignant delight, unequivocally expressing his transports that it contained the doom of *Adelmar*, and that *Urilda* sealed it. *Berthold* is ordered to go in pursuit of his victim, ere he escape from the snare, and who, with his desperate band, "only want but this," (the paper) to pull down the wrath of murderers upon their heads. The means by which this deed is to be effected, are dark and damnable, as the act itself; and the perpetrators are enjoined to

—"steal with an assassins tread,  
The mother, to whose breast he smiling clung,  
In life's young morn, when life is loveliest,  
Felt not his weal, more dear than *Wallenberg*!  
No hand must be upon him—he is mine!  
Not worlds shall buy his heart—drops price  
less ransom,  
Before her eyes—and summoned by her  
hand—  
Then, then to see him writhe, and hear her  
shriek,  
Oh! let me drain that last rich draught of  
vengeance,  
Then—fling the cup away."

While confined in the dungeon, bemoaning the fate of *Fredolfo*, *Urilda* upon hearing sudden shouts and agitation without, presumes that the consummation of her bliss is now arrived; and that *Adelmar* and his forces are prepared to liberate her father in triumph. But sad reverse however, the voice of *Wallenberg* is heard to exclaim,

"Down with them! trample on them!"

and himself and emissaries pour into the dungeon, surround and seize upon *Fredolfo* amidst the tears and shrieks of *Urilda* on the one hand, and the demoniac laughter and exultation of *Wallenberg* on the other. *Urilda* implores the compassion of the murderer again, calls him "lover! friend!" and solicits from him "one word of mercy," saying "thou canst not persist in malice;" no thou art not such a demon." To this he replies bursting out in all his fury,

"Yes, a triumphant demon!—at my foot  
The minor fiends in torment writhe and  
curse—  
Kneel—kneel—in beauty's eloquent agony,  
That I may say—*Urilda*, never—never!"

(Passing by her as she clings to him, and pointing at *Fredolfo*, then turning to her with redoubled malignity.)



Thy father perishes—'tis justice dooms him ;  
Thy lover—aye, thy lover—hath escaped —  
(*stamping with rage and agony*)

Or to a scaffold's black and bloody doom,  
Thy voice had lured him, and thy hand had  
led."

Urilda redoubles her exertions in  
behalf of Fredolfo, but they are ut-  
terly unavailing; and the only answer  
she receives, is,

"When the bell tolls, remember Wallen-  
berg."

and the latter makes an immediate  
exit with his soldiers telling them to  
"do their dark work with speed." Shortly  
after this the fatal bell tolls, and  
Fredolfo calmly exclaims, while his  
daughter stands stupefied, "The  
moments' past." Immediately muf-  
fled drums are heard without, and  
Berthold, who is always in at the  
death, accompanied by guards and  
headsman, with an axe, in his hand ap-  
pears in the back ground. While the  
guards are endeavouring to tear away  
Fredolfo from the grasp of Urilda,  
trumpets and shouting are heard; and  
Adelmar and his band rush in on all  
sides, and overpower their opposers.  
This is the signal for the develop-  
ment of the treachery of Wallen-  
berg; and as Adelmar is conveying  
away his beloved, the villain comes  
in and assails him. He is obliged to  
relinquish his burden in order to de-  
fend himself, when at that moment  
Wallenberg aware of the opportunity,  
induces his knights to sieze and dis-  
arm their prisoner, who is born off the  
stage; Fredolfo having previous-  
ly been conveyed away in the be-  
ginning of the conflict by Adelmar's  
band.

The fifth act commences by repre-  
senting the former in the interior of  
a cavern in the mountains, and lying  
senseless in the arms of his attend-  
ants. Berthold is brought in by the  
peasantry, and declares his object  
in coming thither is to acquaint  
Fredolfo of the safety of his daugh-  
ter. He makes known the determi-  
nation of Wallenberg to require his  
life, unless Urilda should be resigned  
to him; an offer which Fredolfo, af-  
ter a long pause rejects, and says "lead  
me to death." Here Adelmar ap-  
proaches on the opposite side, dishev-  
elled and bloody, with his sword  
drawn, and exclaims with a shout,  
that Urilda is saved! while Ber-  
thold retreats scowling in malignant  
disappointment. She had been rescued  
by a "desperate and glorious few,"  
and placed within the pale of the

sanctuary for protection; an act  
which renews the fiend like exulta-  
tion of Berthold, who declares that  
even this retreat, sacred as it is, will  
in vain oppose the force of Wallen-  
berg.

In the following scene we behold  
Urilda, seated at the foot of the altar,  
which is raised, and clinging to it with  
the confidence of security. But not-  
withstanding the assurance of protec-  
tion, it proves no obstacle to her foes;  
who preceded by Wallenberg rush in,  
when the former tears Urilda from the  
Prior, takes her up to the steps of the  
altar, and holds her, pointing his dag-  
ger to her breast, as Fredolfo enters  
with his band; which is soon succeed-  
ed by a reinforcement from Adelmar.  
Seeing Wallenberg however, bent  
upon implacable revenge, Fredolfo in  
agony for his daughter's safety, holds  
him back, and he is now horror struck  
by her danger. They are both re-  
garded with malignant delight by  
Wallenberg, who exclaims, addressing  
Adelmar,

"Her father bow'd to earth beneath my feet,  
And thou, her lover—for her trembling life,  
What would'st thou give?"

He replies, "My life! my soul! my  
all!" when, Wallenberg deriding him  
says, "Romantic prodigal—I ask thy  
sword." Finding that Fredolfo appears  
bent on sacrificing himself, and that the  
life of Urilda depends upon the issue,  
after having knelt in agony, he starts  
up and offers the instrument of des-  
truction. And what was the result?  
Did Wallenberg bid him go free: No.  
Was his malignity here satisfied? No.  
But as Adelmar kneeling offers  
him the weapon, saying, "Here,—  
take my sword!" Wallenberg, *stab-  
bing him as he kneels* exclaims, "I do  
—and thus I use it!" While his own  
death by Fredolfo, winds up this com-  
position of horrors, this unnatural pic-  
ture of a disordered imagination. It  
is not to be wondered at that the pro-  
duction we have reviewed was damn-  
ed on its first performance; and the  
last incident above transcribed, must  
have consummated its fame. May it  
serve us a warning example to all  
future authors against the violation  
of morals, of reason, and of proba-  
bility, however respectable their tal-  
ents, or well meant their exer-  
tions.

#### THEATRE.

The novelty of seeing Mrs. J.  
Barnes in Hamlet, or rather of see-  
ing a female in masculine attire, at-

tracted a numerous audience on Mon-  
day evening. We do not hesitate to  
declare that in our opinion the part  
was as ably represented by this lady,  
as we have ever known it by any of  
her sex; this being the first, and we  
earnestly hope the last attempt of the  
kind within our observation. In truth,  
we protest against such an invasion  
of man's prerogative. We do not  
think that a female ought in this  
instance to have worn the *breeches*,  
and have attempted to counterfeit  
"man's fair proportion," either for her  
own, or her husband's benefit; and  
we very much doubt whether by the  
continuance of such a course of proced-  
ure, she would be benefitted by it in the  
end. It may perhaps pass off for a night  
or so, as a *gag* upon the multitude,  
and be the means of producing in  
these "hard times," a comfortable  
emolument; yet even then though it  
"may make the unskilful laugh, it  
cannot but make the judicious  
grieve; the applause of one of  
which is worth that of a whole the-  
atre of others."

The occurrence of this incident brings  
to our minds, an expedient adopted by  
Mr. Cooper on his first visit to  
Philadelphia; where finding it impos-  
sible to procure a full audience by  
the ordinary means, on the night of  
his benefit, he hired an Elephant of  
his keeper, then in the city, and an-  
nounced him to make his *debut* by  
way of interlude upon the stage.  
The ingenuity of the thing did not  
fail of success; it tickled the publick  
inclination to a "T;" and those who  
were disinclined to patronize a first  
rate performer, those who had no rel-  
ish for the finest inspirations of the  
muses, did not hesitate to own the  
charms of an Elephant's paw!

Perhaps it may be urged in defence  
of the course of Mrs. J. Barnes in the  
present instance, that inasmuch as Mr.  
Cooper thought proper to hire an Ele-  
phant, when no other alternative pre-  
sented, to replenish his purse, this lady  
for a similar reason was justifiable in  
jumping into *breeches*. Well then,  
let it be thus set down as a precedent  
for actors male and female; and who  
knows as the order of things seems to  
be reversed, that the next theatrical  
star, the brilliancy of which even now  
dawns upon the horizon, may not sus-  
tain the same relation to her hus-  
band's Ophelia, in lieu of the gentle-  
man who has been recently pitched  
upon for that character?



## MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

There is a very interesting article in the last North American Review upon the "Memoirs of Professor de Rossi," of the Italian school of literature. His powers as a linguist, no less than as an author in the various languages, if we may rely upon this account of them, are at the present day unexampled. At the age of twenty years, he devoted himself to the study of Hebrew, which he acquired in a few months; and extending his attention from the ancient to the modern poesy of the Jews, he applied himself so diligently to the latter, that at the end of the six months, he composed and published, a poem, in a new and most difficult metre. This rapidity of acquisition attracted the notice of the Jews; and he gives an early anecdote of his zeal in applying his learning to the defence of his faith. "An individual of this nation, whom I met accidentally at a booksellers," after having asked me if I could read Hebrew, gave me as a trial, the celebrated verse in Deuteronomy, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord;' repeating as I read it, that it was *echad, one*. True, answered I perceiving his malice, and the unity of God is a fundamental article of Christianity. But why is the name of God *thrice* repeated? He being unable to answer, I took this occasion to show him how in this very verse, by which he thought to impugn it, that the mystery was shadowed out.' Encouraged by these 'glorious beginnings,' De Rossi continued his oriental studies, and in the two years before his second degree, devoted himself to the Hebrew without points, the Rabbinical, the Chaldee, the Syriac, the Samaritan, and the Arabic; all which he studied by himself; and submitted only to the professor, out of respect to him, the exercises in Greek and Hebrew. At the age of twenty three he published several works in the above languages and three years after his *Oriental Poems* written in the same, with an introduction in Coptic, and a short Ethiopic eulogium. A short time only passed, before Rera the bishop of Jorea, was made arch-bishop of Turin. On this occasion, our indefatigable linguist composed two poems, one in *Estranghelo-Syriac*, expressing the sorrow of the church which had lost a bishop,

and the other, expressing the joy of the church, which had gained an arch-bishop.

During the same year in which these poems were printed, De Rossi commenced two great works, one of which was illustrated by an infinity of authors of all nations, and the other on the utility and necessity of the study of Hebrew. It might have been supposed that these works and studies would have furnished full employment for a man of twenty-seven. But we are informed that he found means to learn at the same time, the French, the Spanish, the English, the German and Russian languages; making of the last three small grammars of his own to facilitate the acquisition. The two works mentioned were so far from engrossing the attention of this great man, that besides a compendium in Hebrew and Italian, he had composed seven other works on subjects connected with Hebrew and Rabbinical literature, which are all mentioned in the preface to the compendium. In the year 1774 Professor de Rossi, took occasion of the baptism of the newborn prince to compose twenty inscriptions in as many different languages celebrating this event, viz. the Hebrew without points, the Hellenistic, the Rabbinic, the Syriac, the Chaldee, the Palmyrene, the Turkish, the Hebrew with points, the Coptic, the Estranghelo-Syriac, the Samaritan, the Arabic, the Phenician, the Armenian, the Etruscan, the Carthaginian, and the Latin. At the same time he attempted to decipher a Phenician inscription, which had been lately discovered at Cagliari; and to illustrate a Saracenic distich of Theodisius.

The following year 1775, brought forth a still more magnanimous collection of Polyglot inscriptions, upon occasion of the marriage of prince Emmanuel of Piedmont, with a French princess. Twenty four of its most conspicuous cities were introduced, saluting the royal pair in twenty-four addresses, in as many different languages, all in different characters of Bodoni foundery, and adorned with emblematical engravings relative to the cities respectively by the first Italian artists. Besides the languages in the former collection, there were introduced in this, the Ethiopic, the Jewish-German, the Gothic, the Russian, the Tibetan, the Illyrian in the hieronymian character, the Sanserit, the Illyrian—or Cyrillic—Sclavonian, and

finally the Georgian. "Of these languages," says Professor de Rossi, "there were several—particularly of the Asiatic—which are very abstruse and hard. This could not but make the undertaking for a single person, and him a European, extremely arduous; and even hazardous, inasmuch as whenever at Rome and elsewhere, there is a proposal of similar Polyglot productions, though of much less extent than this, many learned men, and the natives best acquainted with their respective tongues which can be found, are employed in composing them. Professor de Rossi is at present seventy six years old, and though not free from the weakness of age, still in full possession of all his faculties, and with an appearance and countenance far behind his years. The number of his printed works in the various languages amounts to fifty one, and of works unpublished, commenced, and planned, eighty-one. If some of those published be small, they are all such only as a man of consummate learning could produce, a few seem of themselves a life's labour.

## BOERHAAVE IN HIS OLD AGE.

All peculiarities in the lives of great men are interesting, and much more so when they relate to their latter years. The name of Boerhaave is regarded as the most illustrious in the annals of modern medicine. After having courageously withstood the evils of poverty in his youth, his talents and reputation enabled him, it is said, to realize a property of two millions of florins, which he left to an only daughter. Let us see whether his wealth had not changed his occupations and taste.

In a letter, written in his 67th year, to his old pupil Bassand, then appointed Physician to the Emperor of Germany, he speaks thus of himself:

"My health is very good—I sleep at my country house, and return to town at five in the morning; I am engaged till six in the evening in visiting the sick. I know something of chemistry—I amuse myself with reading—I revere, I love, I adore God alone. On my return to the country, I visit my plants—and gratefully acknowledge—and admire the liberal presents of my friend Bassand. My garden appears proud of the variety and vigour of its trees.—I waste my life in contemplating my plants, and grow old with the desire of possessing new



ones—Pleasing delusion! who will give me the large leaved linden tree of Bohemia, and that of Silicia, more extraordinary with its *folio cucullato*. Thus riches serve only to increase the thirst for wealth, and the covetous man abuses the liberality of his benefactor. Pardon the dotage of an old friend, who wishes to plant trees, the beauty and shade of which can charm only his nephews. Thus my years glide on without any chagrin, but that of your absence.”

How much is there in these few lines! what activity, what zeal for suffering humanity, what piety; what innocence and vivacity in his taste, at an age when they are nearly extinct in most men.

#### THE VENTRILOQUIST.

LEWIS BRABANT, *valet-de-chambre* to Francis I. was one of these extraordinary people, and was noted for many uncommon pranks. He had, moreover, a very singular knack at counterfeiting the tone of voice of any particular person living or dead, so as even to imitate their very groans and lamentations, provided he had ever known them, or heard them speak.

Lewis happened to take a fancy to a young woman, who was not only handsome, but had also a good fortune. Unluckily the father could not be brought to relish the match: but he dying soon after, Brabant applied to the mother, who it seems knew nothing of the peculiar talent of our artist. In broad day-light, and in the presence of some company that happened to be then at her house, she was alarmed with a voice exactly resembling that of her deceased husband. The voice bid her “marry our daughter to Lewis Brabant, who now asks her of you. He is a man of a plentiful fortune, and bears the best of characters. For denying his request when living, I now endure unspeakable torments in purgatory. If you comply with this warning, I shall not remain long in this place of torture. Then you will have done two very meritorious actions: you will procure an excellent husband for your daughter, and give everlasting rest to the soul of your poor husband.”

How could the poor mother resist the imposture? Brabant was to all appearance silent—his mouth shut, and his lips motionless. The voice seemed to proceed from above, and as

she imagined from heaven, and was moreover so like that of her late husband, that she deemed the smallest delay a most damnable sin; she therefore immediately promised her daughter to Lewis, who set his thoughts to work to marry her as fast as possible.

His affairs were but in bad order, a circumstance not to be concealed when a marriage contract is to be made. To hazard the reputation and credit of the invisible world, would be held as a scoffing at religion, of which the government might think proper to take notice. Let the consequence be what it would, he was resolved to give himself out for a man of fortune, and that in a manner that could not be called in question.

“I have deceived this good woman,” said Lewis to himself, “why cannot I cozen some rich miser? These are seldom without remorse of conscience; so as the bells of the fortress are already shaken, there wants only the last battery to be played upon it.” While he was busied about his project, he happened to hear of one Cornu, a banker of Lyons, extremely rich, and whose conscience twitched him now and then on the score of his past and present conduct in the way of his calling. This was the very circumstance which Lewis wished to find out: so out he sets, goes to the banker’s, and acquaints him that he has business of moment, and which required the greatest secrecy to communicate.

Mr. Cornu received him very civilly, and leading him to a retired room where no one would overhear them, Lewis began to talk in a very religious strain, and was particularly diffuse on the article of devils, apparitions, hell, and purgatory. When he found his man somewhat moved, and that the pill began to work, he, in appearance, became quite silent: at the same time a voice was heard resembling, as he (Cornu) thought, that of a ghost. The father of this banker had long been dead. Cornu was persuaded he heard his father’s voice, which commanded him to pay to Lewis Brabant, then with him, a large sum of money for the ransom of Christian captives in slavery among the Turks. The ghost also complained that he had suffered grievous torments in purgatory ever since his death. In case of refusal he menaced his son with everlasting torments in hell flames. He knew he had richly deserved almost hell

fire by his usury, and even by usury on usury, and was satisfied the vast wealth he had amassed had been the fruit of the vilest extortion, injustice and oppression. An injunction so unlooked for, and delivered in so extraordinary a manner, alarmed the guilty conscience of the banker. He desired him to return the next day. Avarice is ever mistrustful, ever awake. The voice might come from the room above, or through some chink made on purpose in the wall of the apartment.

Therefore, on the return of Lewis next morning, he suffered Cornu to conduct him into a large plain perfectly level and smooth, where was neither cabin, hollow, hillock, nor tree to be found. Lewis, who saw through the banker’s meaning, essayed the utmost reach of his art. At their first meeting, Cornu had heard only his father’s voice; now his ears were assailed with the woeful plaints and doleful moans of all his relations, imploring his help, in the name of every saint, and crying aloud, that no atonement was so efficacious as the redemption of captives. Wherever they went, though both Cornu and Brabant kept the most profound silence, in the openest and most sequestered places, the same lamentations, the same imploring for aid and relief, followed them. “If this is not a miracle,” said the banker to himself, “I am at a loss what can be a miracle. Do I not see all around me? What trick can be played me in the midst of a smooth bald plain? It must be a voice from the other world—I can plainly hear it coming from the heavens.” He then tells down the ten thousand crowns to Brabant to enable him to make a voyage to Turkey for the redemption of captives, which that arch deceiver engaged to do: but instead of going to Turkey, he went directly home, where he gave himself out for a man of considerable property, in order to conclude his marriage treaty.

Cornu hearing the trick that had been played him, took it so much to heart, that he fell dangerously ill, and soon after died, equally a victim to the loss of his money, and the cutting raillery with which he was attacked from every quarter.

#### SLANDER.

Slander is a propensity of mind to think ill of all men, and afterwards to utter such sentiments in scandalous expressions.



We trust that the following hit at the prevailing fashions and foibles of the times, will not give offence, either to our *fair* or *unfair* readers. If any of them have seen it before; we must acknowledge our ignorance of the fact, although we think it possesses point enough for a republication.

*Hard Times!—Hard Times!—Hard Times.*

The cry of hard times, so frequently meets the ear. that my curiosity led me the other day, to examine into the fact, and the cause of it so far as regards this city. The first objects which arrested my attention were two banks. Inquiring of an intelligent friend concerning their operations, I was told that their capital was loaned out and principally in this city, on notes drawing six per cent. interest, and payable in sixty days. These loans were made to merchants, farmers, mechanics, professional men, &c. &c.—and that much more could be loaned, had the banks the capacity to gratify all the borrowers. I said to myself, if people are thus indebted, and all their debts are on interest, no wonder the cry is,

*Hard Times—Hard Times—Hard Times.*

In walking down Chapel street, about twelve o'clock, my attention was arrested by a great number of ladies, elegantly dressed, with gold watches gracefully suspended at their sides, highly ornamented, which seemed to me to announce not only the time of day, but also

*Hard Times—Hard Times—Hard Times.*

In returning through the same street I was struck with the display of from fifty to sixty Leghorn bonnets, trimmed in the modern fashion and which afforded a shade to the side-walks almost equal to so many umbrellas.—These cost from fifteen to thirty dollars a piece.

*Hard Times—Hard Times—Hard Times.*

At this moment I heard a noise behind me like that made by a poney cantering over the pavements. Looking round, I saw at least a dozen dandies, with high-heeled boots well secured with steel or iron—wide pantaloons of the very tip-top-tissine style—narrow coats and corsets, so arranged that they resembled wasps—great coats of plaid or broadcloth, with a multitude of capes—cravats extending beyond the brims of the most dandis-sime hats—and watch-chains, sparkling with gems and chrystals.—“Thinks I to myself,”

*Hard Times—Hard Times—Hard Times.*

Almost absorbed in these reflections I was nigh being run over by a horse and gig, which cost at least six hundred dollars. The driver was trying to put his horse up to the speed of fourteen miles an hour, upon a trot, alamode New York. I involuntarily exclaimed as I fled from this scene,

*Monstrous Hard Times.*

At a jeweller's shop some young ladies were just putting into their reticules, (which by the way cost about five dollars each—N. B. My grandmother used to wear pockets that were made of half a yard of linen check) some ear-rings of topaz set in gold—(that same grandmother used to wear brass ear-rings)—of the price of fifteen dollars each, and two or three bosom pins, of the same brilliant appearance. A door or two beyond, there were at least half a dozen belles purchasing of a ladies' shoe-maker, some very beautiful kid boots, with tassels, buckles, &c. Directly opposite, a highly decorated shop attracted my notice. I attempted to take a peep into the door, but the one horse waggons and gigs filled up the passage. It was a milliners's shop crowded with ladies, bonnets, hats, feathers, (I believe they are called *plumes*, in these times,) ribbons, ladies, &c. &c. Bandboxes were as thick as cocks of hay in a meadow, in July. O dear, said I,

*What dreadful Hard Times!*

But there was one scene presented, with which I cannot indulge my humour. There are in this city, justly respected for several elegant and costly churches devoted to public worship, and for much attention to religion and morals, from fifteen to twenty grog shops or tippling houses, open at all hours, from day light in the morning to twelve o'clock at night. In passing these haunts of vice, who that is not stupid, does not see written in legible characters,—“The way to hell leading down to the chambers of death.” In these houses we are obliged to see, from time to time, those who are preparing for the poor-house, the jail, and Newgate. To the scenes of drunkenness, wives can trace the loss of husbands, parents, the loss of children, masters and guardians, the loss of apprentices and wards, and society, the loss of many useful members.—Here, property is squandered—morals corrupted—and intoxication openly indulged. Here, too, the youth is seduced to certain

and dreadful destruction, and the old man grows worse and worse.—Surely, said I,

*The Times are Hard, very Hard.*

#### HINT FOR THE LADIES.

The longer a woman remains single, the more apprehensive will she be of entering into the state of wedlock. At seventeen or eighteen, a girl will plunge into it often without fear or wit; at twenty, she will begin to think; at twenty-four will weigh and discriminate; at twenty-eight, will be afraid of venturing; at thirty, will turn about, and look down the hill she has ascended, and sometimes rejoice and sometimes repent that she has attained that summit.

#### FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

#### NITROUS OXIDE.

A few evenings ago, we attended a chemical lecture of Dr. Locke, at the N.E. Museum, for the purpose of witnessing the experiments in *nitrous oxide*. Considerable reluctance was at first manifested by the company against respiring the properties of this gas, in consequence of being unacquainted with its effects; until an attendant of the lecturer consented to the operation; previous to which however the ladies in front were requested to withdraw a little in order to accommodate the motion of the young man. The impression produced upon him, was almost electrical; and from the moment of inhaling the *oxide*, he jumped about the room with the velocity of an harlequin; contending against every person within his reach with singular energy. While under the influence of this respiration, he siezed and closed in with one of the spectators, who by resistance found it difficult to release himself from this fraternal hug. He then rushed under a table upon an elevated platform whereon the Doctor was employed from thence down its steps, grasping at a person in his way, and after having made a leap at the auditory which caused them to retreat to the glass cases on the opposite side, the emotion ceased, and he declared that “all was over.”

The excitement produced upon the next individual, whose physiognomy was rather indicative of listlessness than animation, seemed to be completely the reverse of this; and the



only operation of the gas was seen in a sort of morbid expansion of the arms, drowsiness of the whole visage, and particularly of the eye, without the power of volition, or sympathy. A greater emblem of stupidity, than the present, we have scarcely seen; and if as it has been imagined by some that such an experiment tends to develop the real character, the conjectures of the auditory were not ill founded; nor was their merriment occasioned without grounds.

The third person who appeared disposed to inhale the gas, was what is sometimes called, a "green horn" from the country; who "vowed" that he "would take it," and that "if it did not operate the first time he would double the dose." But of this he had no need; for although not accompanied by any act of violence except upon himself, it accomplished the object for which it was designed; and the confident Joe Bunker, with hasty step marched ahead, keeping his left hand upon his nose, as in the position of respiring the *oxide*, and swinging his right arm at the same moment against all opposition. Having dispersed the spectators from before him, he turned about, proceeded to the place from whence he came, in a similar manner, and on recovering from his delusion, found he had hung by his proboscis so severely, that it bled! An impression somewhat resembling this, was made upon the next subject of experiment; who in addition to his confinement of the nose, reeled about like one under the influence of intoxication. He then snapped his fingers, and with considerable ease and activity, closed his exertions in dancing.

The operation of this gas however was more excessive both as it regarded the organs of speech, and of intellectual sensation, upon the lecturer himself than that of any other person on whom it was attempted. With considerable effort the pipe communicating with the *oxide*, was taken from his mouth; which he afterwards ascribed to its pleasurable influence. His first movement was to jump perpendicularly several feet in the air, and immediately with every muscle of his frame and of his face in full play, he approached in front of an acquaintance, saying aloud to him with stentorian harshness, "Do you think I affect this, Doctor P—?" and then ran furiously up the platform in

a contrary direction. There he stood erect, and burst forth as nearly as we can remember in exclamations of the following import: "There is nothing so dangerous, as a deceitful woman.—If a man cannot find peace at home, in his own family, with his wife and children, where shall he look for it?" —These and many other observations of equal force, which we are unable to retain, were the involuntary effusions produced upon the mind of the lecturer by means of the *nitrous oxide gas*; suggestions which could only be accounted for on his part, but by considering them the result of previous reflection. From the patronage bestowed upon the present lecture, which was attended by a numerous collection of both sexes, we trust that these experiments will shortly be repeated.

FRIENDS OF SCIENCE.

## BOSTON,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1820.

The new comedy of *Reformation*, which has been announced as in rehearsal, although laid aside for the present, is we learn, the production of a foreigner; and report speaks favourably of its merits. Some are inclined to urge the propriety of bringing it forward at the present time; inasmuch as that the drama here has been long going in the back ground; and that "reformation," cannot too soon be commenced; but it appears however we are to have no reformation until after Mr. and Mrs. J. Barnes' engagement.

We have long determined to write a chapter upon the fashions; but they have invariably however changed so fast that we have scarcely had an opportunity to accomplish it. The present time seems to be peculiarly favourable for animadversion in this respect, but after all what good end would it accomplish? Would it ensure a reform; or make fops or dandies any wiser and better than they are now? For if they were driven from this, would they not adopt some new extravagance to render themselves objects of ridicule, and monuments of scorn? Perhaps the best way then is, to leave these things to themselves, and permit such abuses to work their own cure. For, in the language of the bard,

"Let Hercules himself, do what he may  
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

We wish those good natured and intelligent people who are so prone to complain of the character of a literary journal, would but for once sit themselves down, and let us see what work they would accomplish to please their neighbours. If you aim at enforcing a sound morality, by means of precepts, they will tell you they do not want so many *moral reflections*; but if you say nothing on the subject, there is then a great hue and cry raised because you neglect the cardinal virtues, and attend only to flimsy affairs. If you speak of the performances at the theatre, although in very respectful terms, their piety takes the alarm; and they cannot brook that their holy meditations should be disturbed by such trash; and if on the other hand, you neglect to notice this topic, you are inundated with requests to know why not one word is uttered upon the legitimate drama; and why you do not attempt to reform the abuses which have crept upon the stage? Such persons never write, for they are perpetual cavillers; and if they had they leisure, their irritability would scarce permit them. We wish however they could once be persuaded to do what they are so ready to enjoin on others; and should they come off much better than the man and the ass in the fable, we will acknowledge that as Yankees we have lost our guess.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received what we presume the author denominates a "Review" of the new melo-dramatic composition called the "Night-Watch—or the Pirates' Den." But from an examination of our correspondent's article, as well as a perusal of the work in question, we do not think that either are worthy of being urged upon the attention of our readers. In the first place our correspondent does not write correct English, and therefore cannot legally be construed a reviewer; and in the next, let any one refer to a late *puff* in the Centinel and Gazette, and we believe he will think enough had been said already on the subject.

THEATRE.—Mr. J. BARNES' Benefit.—On Monday Evening, Jan. 31, will be presented the admired comedy called TOWN and COUNTRY. After which will be added the farce of the MOGUL TALE.

### MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Samuel D. Gooch, to Miss Jane G. Wilcutt.

### DIED,

In this town, Mrs. Prudence Whipple, aged 72, relict of the late Dr. Joseph W.

Mr. Thomas Dana, aged 26, formerly of Hallowell, Maine.

Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, aged 25.



## POETRY.

The editor of the Baltimore Morning Chronicle, PAUL ALLEN, Esq. one of our best poets, addresses the following stanzas to "several *love sick* correspondents;" and so far as they regard the effusions of some of our own, we have reason to unite in the propriety of their application.

Go sickly sons of sentiment, and whine,  
A puling sonnet to a lady's brow;  
Go, sob in love sick stanzas and repine,  
Go, with spaniel meanness fawn and bow.

Yes, talk of cupid, and such trivial trash,  
And think such chatter of the muse sublime;  
Ye crouch so humble, and ye court the lash,  
That to inflict it, almost seems a crime.

The noble mind such servitude disdains,  
For when incumber'd with a female frown,  
It bears with dignity its proper pains,  
And scorns to tell its griefs to all the town.

But you—ye sighing sentimental race,  
Ye driveling dotards in the shape of men!  
Discarded by the fair—O foul disgrace,  
Fly for protection to a rhyming pen!

Then we are told how Phillis frown'd severe,  
Unheeding she of love's impassion'd sigh;  
Ye pray for mercy—if she will not hear,  
What then? Forsooth her gentle swain must die.

Then she is told in pretty simpering style,  
If only she one favouring glance will deign;  
If that her ruby lips but pout a smile,  
He then will surely come to life again.

Behold, when ladies frown, he takes his crook,  
And muses pensive all the livelong day;  
Casts on his silly sheep a mournful look—  
Himself a shepherd sillier far than they.

Onward he journeys over hill and dale,  
Making each valley vocal with his pains,  
And to the babbling echo tells his tale,  
The only nymph that listens to his strains!

What female heart that felt its proper tone,  
Its native dignity, would not discard,  
The man who thus could make his sorrows known,  
And spurn alike the lover and the bard.

Avaunt! ye full grown babies—haste and quit  
The muse's walks—in mercy shun the pen;  
Go to the nursery—that ye well befit—  
Nor dare to mingle with the race of men.

On a Coxcomb, who had rings in his ears.  
What strange vagaries do we see,  
Wonders by poets never sung;  
A human hog we find in thee,  
His ears, but not his nose is rung.

Dryden, as it would appear from the history of his life, was not overburdened with the careless philosophy recommended in the 29th ode of the third book of Horace, which he has translated in so admirable a manner into his native tongue. The following lines of his version are, we think of the most exquisite beauty; a *chef-d'œuvre* of poetical merit.

"Enjoy the present smiling hour,  
And put it out of fortune's power:  
The tide of business, like the running stream,  
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,  
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,  
And always in extreme.

Now with a noiseless gentle course  
It keeps within the middle bed,  
Anon it lifts aloft the head,  
And bears down all before it with impetuous force.

And trunks of trees come rolling down,  
Sheep and their folds together drown:  
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,  
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,  
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man and happy he alone,  
He who can call to day his own:  
He who secure within, can say,  
"To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day;  
Be fair or foul, or rain, or shine,  
The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate are mine.  
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;  
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,  
Does man her slave oppress,  
Proud of her office to destroy,  
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:

Still various and unconstant still,  
But with an inclination to be ill,  
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
And makes a lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind,  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,  
I puff the prostitute away;  
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:  
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;  
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm."

## LOVE.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

## DISTRUST.

Too great a distrust of one's self produces a base fear; which, depriving our minds of their liberty and assurance, makes our reasonings weak, our words trembling, and our actions faint.

## REFLECTED HAPPINESS.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

## FRIENDSHIP.

A perfect friendship, as it is described by the ancients, can only be contracted between men of the greatest virtue, generosity, truth, and honour. Such a friendship requires that all things should be in common: and that one friend should not only venture, but be ready to lay down his life for the other. According to this definition of friendship, Cicero observes that all the histories from the earliest ages down to his time, had not recorded more than two or three pair of friends; and it is a doubt whether at this day we could add two or three pair more to the number. In our country, which is governed by money, and where every man is in the pursuit of his own interest, it would be in vain to look for a real friendship. Our companions, and our common acquaintance, those especially with whom we live in any degree of familiarity, we call our friends; and we are always ready to give them such marks of our friendship as will not put us to any great inconvenience, or subject us to any great expence. If an Englishman, like the Greek philosopher, were to bequeath his wife and children to be maintained by one of his rich friends; he would be deemed *non compos*. If a man would long preserve his friendships (those imperfect friendships which are generally contracted in this country,) he should be particularly careful to have no money concerns with his friends, at least to owe them no great obligations on that account. Most of the branches of friendship, as likewise the family feuds which are now subsisting in England, are to be ascribed to this cause. The latter, indeed, are not always to be avoided, but the first always may.

## HUMAN CLOGS.

Every man has his chain and his clog; only it is looser and lighter to one than another; and he is more at ease that takes it up, than he that drags it.